

September 15, 1944

Copper Commando - vol. 3, no. 2

Victory Labor-Management Production Committees of Butte, Anaconda and Great Falls

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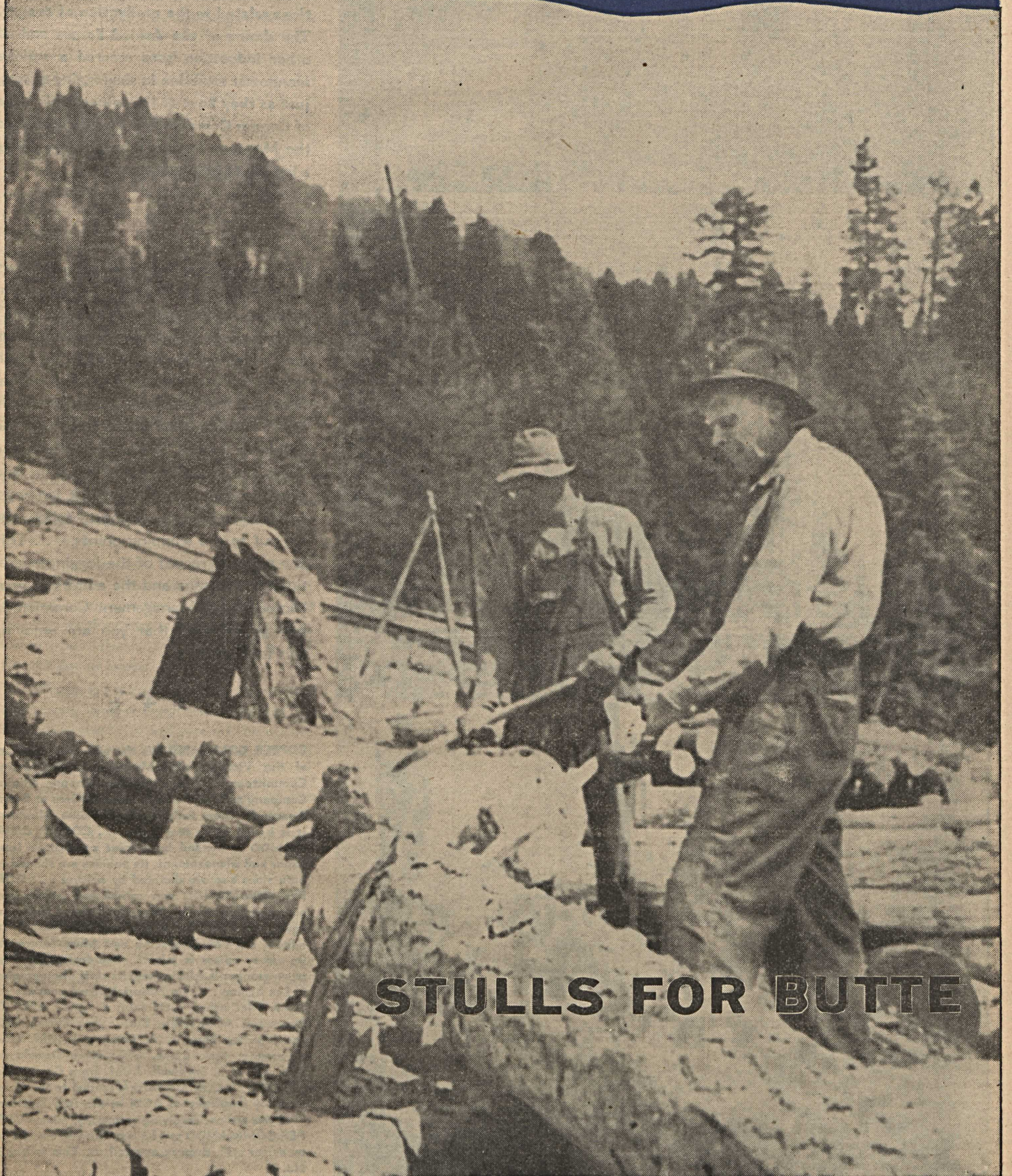
Copper Commando

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STULLS FOR BUTTE

Copper Commando

VOL. III SEPT. 15, 1944 NO. II

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THIS is the second of two issues devoted to Anaconda's logging operations in Montana. Montana's forests provide timber for the mines and for other operations related to the production of copper. The drains of the Armed Forces and of other industries have created a serious manpower situation in the logging camps, just as they have at the mines. This issue of Copper Commando is also dedicated to the Montana loggers who also are doing a big job to help win the war.

●

IN our last issue we gave you a detailed photographic report of the logging operations up to the point where the "cats" haul the logs out to the truck landings for unloading aboard trucks. You will recall that we started with the actual falling of the trees, saw how the tree is scaled to determine board feet, how the bulldozer builds roads, and how the "cats" or tractors finally move in and skid the logs out to the truck landings. In this issue we are going to follow the log out to the shipping points. . . . This is a pictorial record of the logging operations in Montana and the editors of your Victory Labor-Management Committees' newspaper hope that you are enjoying this tour with us.

★ ★ ★

COPPER COMMANDO is the official newspaper of the Victory Labor-Management Production Committees of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and its Union Representatives at Butte, Anaconda, Great Falls and East Helena, Montana. It is issued every two weeks . . . COPPER COMMANDO is headed by a joint committee from Labor and Management, its policies are shaped by both sides and are dictated by neither . . . COPPER COMMANDO was established at the recommendation of the War Department with the concurrence of the War Production Board. Its editors are Bob Newcomb and Marg Sammons; its safety editor is John L. Boardman; its chief photographer is Al Gusdorf; its staff photographer is Les Bishop . . . Its Editorial Board consists of: Denis McCarthy, CIO; John F. Bird, AFL; Ed Renouard, ACM, from Butte; Dan Byrne, CIO; Joe Marick, AFL; C. A. Lemmon, ACM, from Anaconda; Jack Clark, CIO; Herb Donaldson, AFL, and E. S. Bardwell, ACM, from Great Falls. . . . COPPER COMMANDO is mailed to the home of every employee of ACM in the four locations—if you are not receiving your copy, advise COPPER COMMANDO at 112 Hamilton Street, Butte, or better still, drop in and tell us. This is Vol 3, No. 2.



THESE logs do some traveling. They first must be cut down, then sawed into proper lengths, then hauled out to the highway, then hoisted on trucks, then transported to railroad landings, then hoisted onto special flat cars and finally carried to the mill.

In the case of stulls for the Butte mines or of converter poles for the smelter at Anaconda or Great Falls, about fifty per cent of the shipments are direct—the stulls, for example, by-pass the mill and go direct to Rocker where they are framed for mine use.

The six pictures on these two pages will tell the story of the actual loading operation. Let's look at them together: Over on the opposite page, in the picture at the top, the crane is lifting one of the logs which the cat has towed onto the truck landing. Note the two metal arms on each side because you'll be interested in seeing what happens to them later. Actually, when the load is dropped at the railroad landing, the arms on one side are lowered and many of the logs tumble out by themselves. We'll see more of that later.

In the second picture you can see one of the big boys being gently lowered to the pile on top of the truck. The man behind the truck cab is signaling the operator of the crane, while the two men at the left, each of whom has a rope in his hand, help direct the lowering of the logs. These logs can roll off the side of the truck so they are lashed with a heavy chain before the truck takes off. In the third picture the log is settling into place—the operator at the right has his hands beside him, so everything is working out as it should.

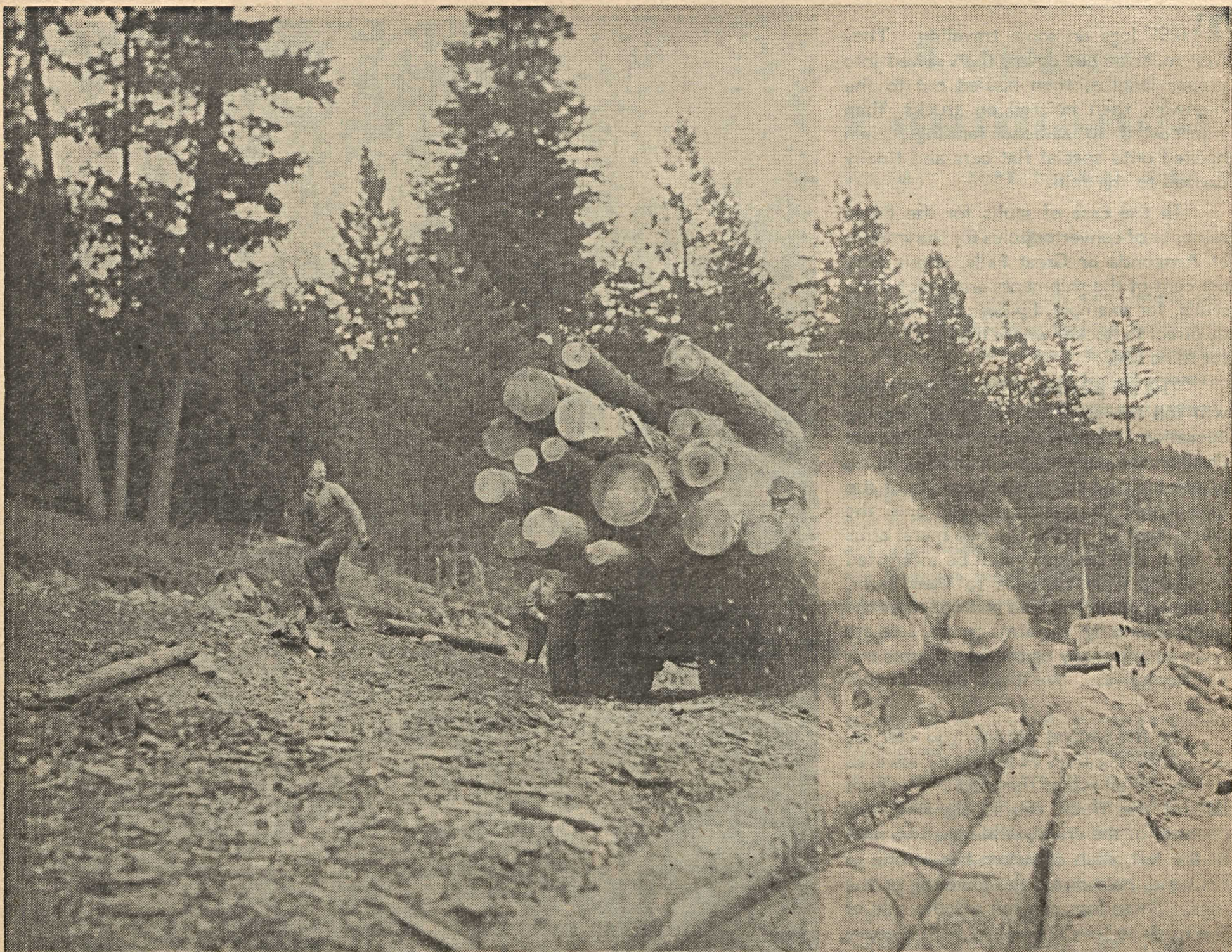
Once the truck is loaded, the timber cargo is on its way. And in the series of three pictures on this page you can see the logs as they move along the highway. Oftentimes these trucks carry a full freight car of wood.

These are a contractor's trucks; they are strong and rugged and they get up and down the hills and around the curves without difficulty, although they do not go very fast.

The trucks finally wind up at the railroad landing where the logs are dumped. The trucks, shown dumping the load, can raise the four rear wheels mechanically onto the chassis, as you will see later.

The logs, when emptied from the trucks, roll down an incline into a pile, at which point the crane, which is mounted on the railroad car, moves along and piles them on flat cars. At this point the Company's Shay engines take over. These engines are small and very powerful locomotives, designed especially for logging operations. The smoke stacks look very much like the pictures all of us have seen of engines in the days of the Civil War. They are sturdy little devils and they can haul a tremendous number of logs without trouble.





The arms are released and the truckload of timber crashes to the hillside. The logs roll downward

where the crane picks them up. The photographer caught this at the very second of fall. The boys

are glad to see the logs roll like this for each rolling log means less work with the canthook.

THEY START ROLLING

YES sir, they start rolling. You remember, we told you a little while ago about the two metal arms on the side of the trucks which are released. When the driver gets the truck into position, a lever is released, the two arms dropped which have been holding the logs in place, and down they go. Sometimes the first drop will take half or more of the logs off the truck. At other times, the boys have to move in with "canthooks" to pry them free and start them rolling off the truck. A

canthook is an arc-shaped, lever-like mechanism with a sharp hook which is used, in this case, to start logs rolling. (Our last issue showed you a picture of Al Henderson with a canthook.)

Once in a while, if the logs can't be budged by canthooks, horses are brought in. They are harnessed to the timber and the load is loosened in that way. But, for the most part, the releasing of the side arms does most of the job and the boys with their canthooks do the rest.

Two more logs to go. This big fellow will be toppled in a second by the boys with the cant hooks.

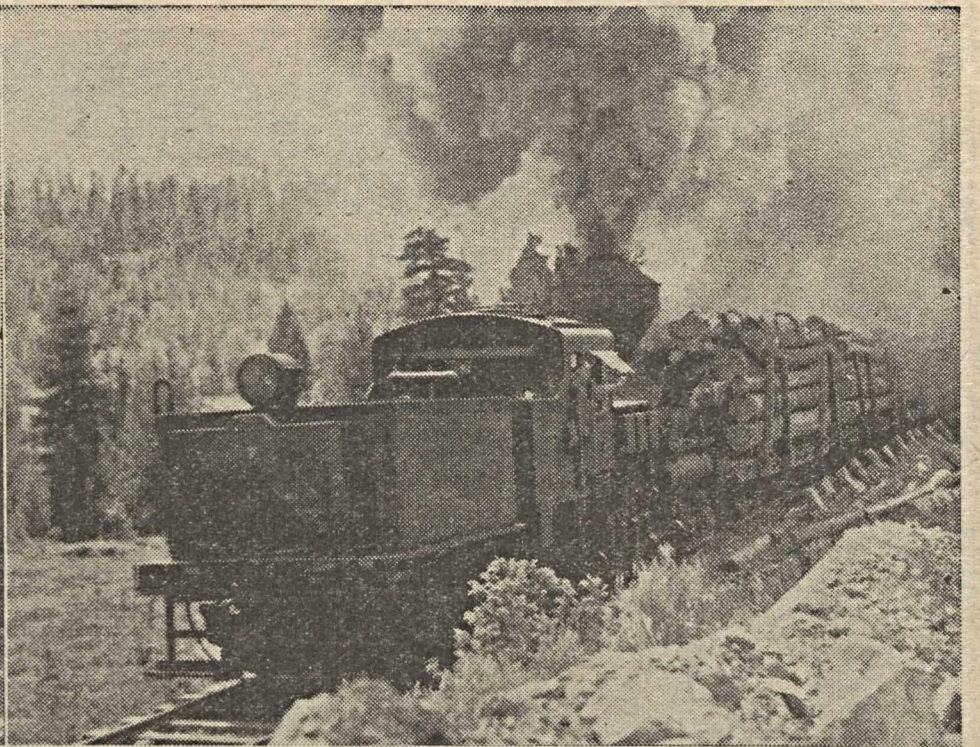
Over at the right, the truck has discharged its load and the rear wheels are being raised. Raising the

rear wheels after the truck has discharged its load helps the driver speed back for another load.





It takes plenty of skill and good eyesight to lay those big timbers down where they ought to go.



At the left, the boys are setting them down for the trip to the mill. Full steam up, the Shay engine

starts rolling up the grade. There are six full cars of precious Montana timber being pulled up.

THIS particular railroad landing is nestled in a valley between two mountain ranges. Here the crane hoists logs to the railroad flat cars. When six cars are loaded, the Shay engine hauls them out to the main line. Vernon Crain is the engineer. He's been at it for twenty-two years and is known as "Baldy." We thought you might like to know that Baldy gets addressed simply as Baldy, Woodworth, Montana. He has four boys

Below is what we think is a mighty good picture of the railroad landing. Five cars are already

in service. Morgan Jones, the fireman, has been with the Company for thirty-five years; five of them he spent in the Butte mines. He has been a fireman at the logging operations since 1926.

Four trips a day are made with the loaded cars to the point where the complete load is made up for delivery to the mill.

This little Shay engine looks like an old-timer, but it's got plenty of power.

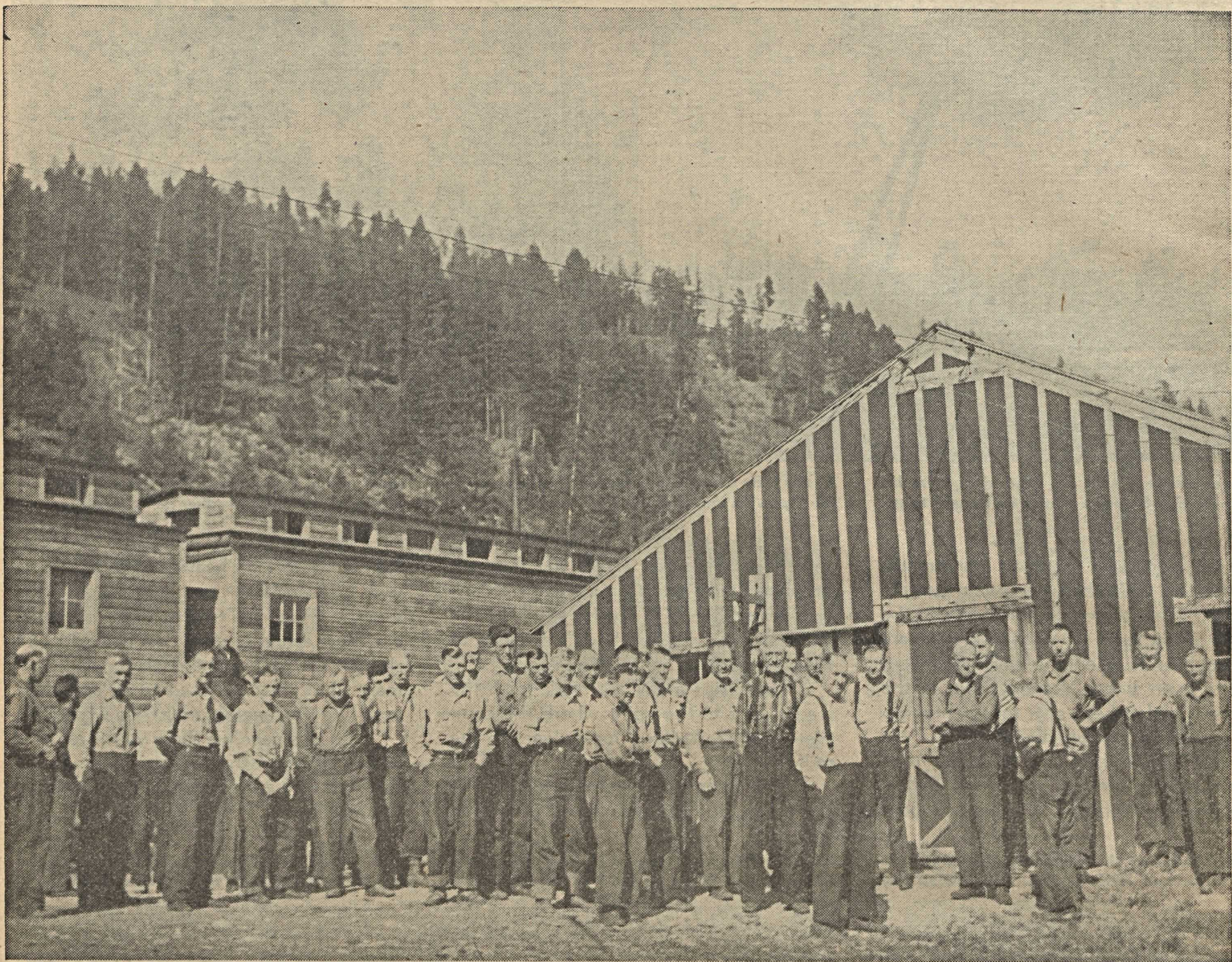
loaded and the crane, toward the extreme right of the picture, is filling up the last car. When it is

He has to start six heavy flat cars, loaded with logs, and work up a running start for a grade which isn't more than one hundred feet away, so it takes a good deal of skill on the part of the engineer and fireman. But they are used to it, and they both like the logging industry a whole lot.

On this page we show you three different views of the railroad landing and the boys who are on the job there getting the logs loaded.

loaded the Shay engine will start moving and the logs in the foreground will be rolled down.





TIME TO EAT

You'd travel a long way to get better food than they serve in a logging camp. And you'd travel a long way farther than that to get food as good as the boys are served at Camp Seven. And your editors ought to know, because they sat down with the lumberjacks and dug in themselves. They were the last ones to leave the table.



SOMEBODY'S going to hit that dinner gong soon. Here the boys are—some of them at least—outside the dining hall where supper is about ready.

The mountain rises in the background and down the hill at the right is beautiful Fish Lake. Those are two bunk houses at the left. For the future, modern portable bunk houses are planned, accommodating four to six men each.

The men eat in well-lighted, well-ventilated quarters, at plain tables, but the food is very good—one old-timer, who has worked in the Company's logging camps for over twenty years, and had worked in other camps before that, told us that no food in any logging camp compared to this.

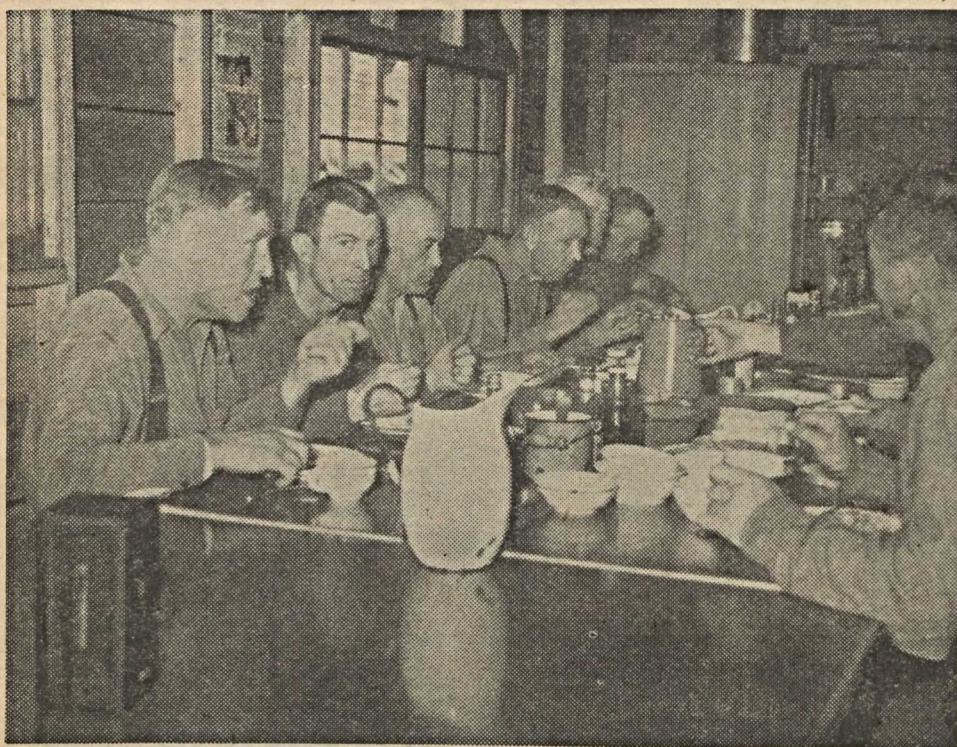
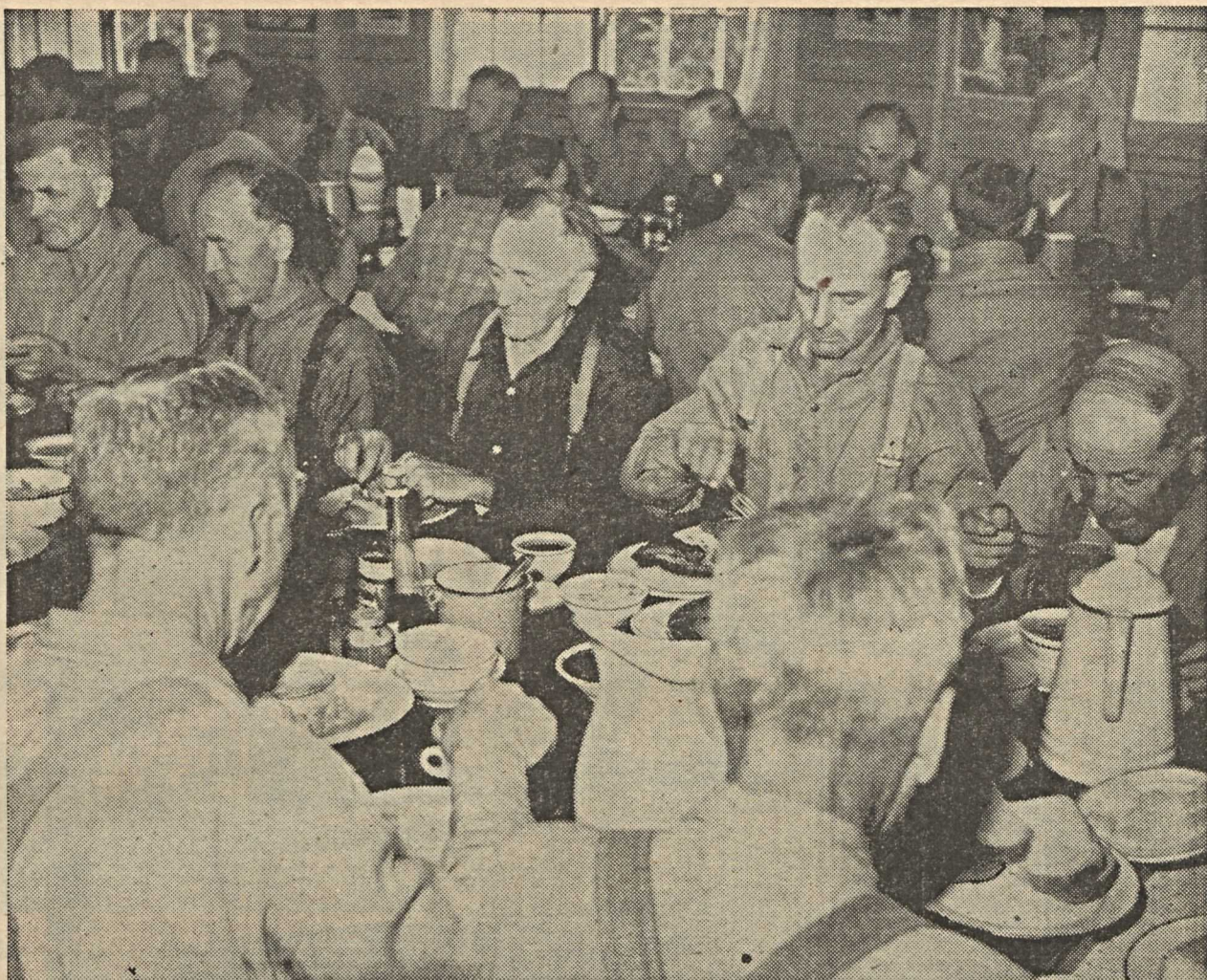
The food comes out of a large, clean kitchen, and do the boys work in terms of quantity! When you're cooking for a hundred or more men, you're really dealing in portions.

Over here at the left, we caught one of the boys who waits on table getting everything in readiness—it was only a couple of minutes later that the dinner gong was sounded and the men piled in from outside.

Martin Lund is cook at Camp Seven—he's been cooking for camps for forty-five years. He tries to serve everything so it is appetizing—he doesn't believe in throwing food at the men. Martin has two sons in the service.

DIG IN!

A lumberjack and a miner probably have many things in common with each other, but one thing they certainly have got in common is this: They like the best of food and they like plenty of it. You can't work in a mine or in a logging camp either without plenty of the stuff that puts meat on your bones. Here at Camp Seven, we see the boys sitting down and going to it. Your editors sat down and went to it themselves and it was mighty good. The only thing that was wrong about that supper for us was that everything was so good that we ate too much.



These are just a number of random shots taken in the mess hall the night your editors had supper there. The photographer roamed around and, when he asked

the boys if it was okay if he took pictures, they told him to go right ahead as long as it didn't interfere with their eating. We told them that's the last thing in the world

we'd want to interfere with. So here they are arranged around the tables enjoying the supper all of them have earned out in the woods. The menu is given below.

HERE'S the supper menu: Tenderloin steaks, cabbage and ham hocks, boiled potatoes and gravy, corn, peas, beans, lettuce salad, home-made bread, two kinds of preserves, honey, cookies, cake, cherry and coconut pies, doughnuts, milk and coffee.

There's no central serving—the huge heaping platters are passed along and everybody helps himself. The steaks were good-sized and very tasty, and a man helps himself.

Just in case you're interested in what a lumberjack gets for breakfast, here is a typical Martin Lund breakfast menu: Oranges or grapefruit, eggs, bacon, ham or sausage, three kinds of dry cereal, one hot cereal, hot cakes, toast, two kinds of cookies, cup cakes, doughnuts, honey and jam, coffee and milk. You take what you want—if you want three kinds of cereal, for example, it is right there for you.





You can tell by the faces of the men in the picture above that they are not wasting any time—the flash of a camera bulb didn't bother these boys any. But they were right there with a grin as we moved around the room. Your editors couldn't tell you much about the quality of the food unless they ate some, so in the picture below, you see Bob Newcomb and Marg Sammons piling in on the steaks.



When your plate gets empty at a logging camp, just reach out and fill it up. There is plenty of everything and the emptied dishes are soon refilled.



HERE IT IS

There isn't much conversation at supper. When you've been out in the open air since early in the morning and have put in a full day's work, you're usually more interested in eating than in talking. The talk-fests come after the meal is over—once the boys sit down at the loaded tables, all they want to do is to dig in and that's what they do. They certainly have earned the right, for they are giving Uncle Sam the best they've got. They all know that lumber is on Uncle Sam's critical list and that if the war is to be won Uncle Sam must be supplied in a hurry with the materials he has listed as critical. So each day they do their best to help him out.

Supper doesn't take long. As we have told you, the boys square away their evening meal and quickly break up. They cluster in groups outside for a smoke and a talk; some go down to the lake shore, which is close enough to throw a stone in, and pull out fish that are there in great numbers. Most want to curl up in their bunks in the bunk houses and stretch out and take it easy. The men listen to radio programs, some of them write letters home, many read magazines and books . . . The most popular type of reading is detective stories—there are many detective and mystery story magazines in the bunk houses. The magazines are subscribed for by the Company, and they tell us that there are few detective magazines that the boys don't get. They say that reading a good detective story at the end of the day is real relaxation for them.



Joe Kingham, thirty-seven years with the Company, is the cook at Headquarters.

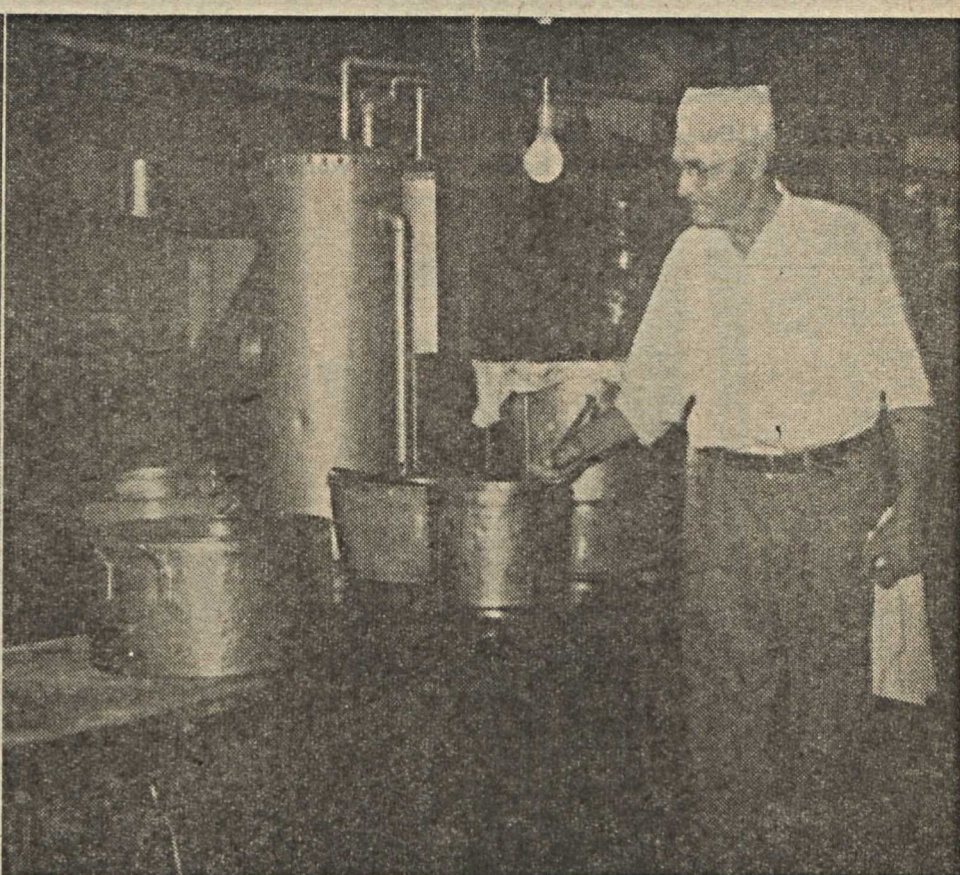
OUT IN THE KITCHEN



That's Carl Peterson, second cook at Camp Seven, turning over the tenderloin steaks for supper. Carl has been in the cooking game for longer than he can remember; nothing pleases him more than to

see the boys really dig in and put it away. In the second picture, we find Joe Kingham, chief cook at camp Headquarters near Woodworth, standing with Rudolph Moen—that's Rudy, who is second

cook, at the left. The cooks will tell you it takes plenty of meat to satisfy a lumberjack's hearty appetite. At the right is Harry Kirchner, a cook's helper who got a little hungry before supper.



Martin Lund, Camp Seven chef, looks over the day's turkeys, and stirs the soups.



THE Headquarters of the Anaconda logging operations are located, as we have told you earlier, outside of a small community called Woodworth. Woodworth is a matter actually of only a few houses, and the Headquarters camp is the biggest single part of it. It is more in the open country—there are no forest lands immediately around it and here the logging programs are mapped. Under the able direction of Don MacKenzie—you met him in the pictures in our last issue—the logging operations are kept busy at the big job of providing timber for war essential industries and commercial outlets. That is Don at the left, seated at his desk at Headquarters. He is a strong-muscled Scotsman with a friendly manner. He knows practically all of his men by their first names and the working day usually finds him busy at the camps rather than at his desk. The others are members of the staff at Headquarters.

Before the manpower shortage created a tough situation at Woodworth, the camp was well supplied with loggers, but the men who remain are carrying on a big job as well as they can, bearing in mind that mines must be kept in operation if the boys who are dealing the blows against the Axis are going to end the war soon.

So sit down and get acquainted with these folks—we are sure you will be glad to know them

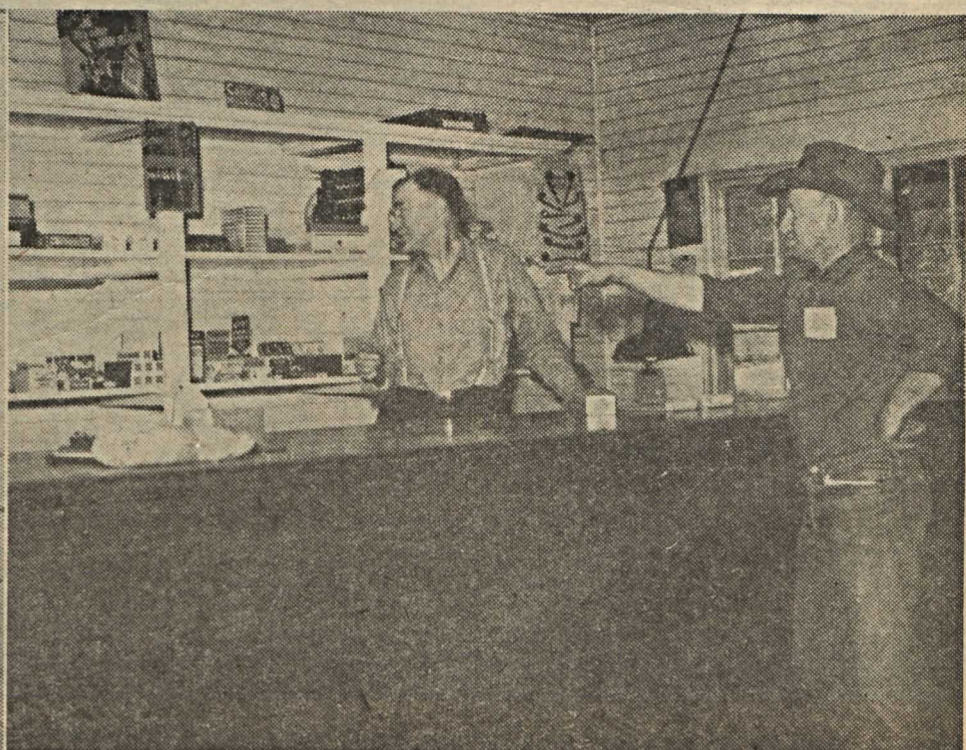
HALT AT HEADQUARTERS



That is C. W. McEwen, chief clerk in charge of supplies, above. That's Bill Duquette and Margaret Mannix below. They all work at Headquarters.



Willard Hartley and Fred Schiesser talk it over above; below, D. L. Miller, clerk, makes a sale in this store which is located right in the office building.



ONE of the main attractions at Headquarters is the Library Car. It so happens that we had never seen anything like it before, and we hope you haven't either, because we'd like to tell you about it.

Not only is the car itself most interesting, but there is a great deal too in the fine old man who runs it—Al Henderson. In our last issue, we mentioned Al Henderson briefly as one of logging's real veterans. Now we want you to meet him at close hand and get acquainted with him, and we want to tell you about the moving Library Car which he has built up and in which he takes great pride.

They call it a car because that's what it is. It is a car built especially for this purpose. In the old days, it used to roll on its own wheels with the camp—whenever the site of logging operations changes, the camp normally moves with it. It has been some time since this Library Car was moved, but if Headquarters of necessity shift to some more convenient spot, you can be sure that the Library Car along with Al Henderson will move with it.

There are over 2,000 good books in the Library Car. They run the range from history to fiction, and many popular books can be found there. They are Al's pride and joy—he knows not only what is in every book but he can usually pick any book out without having to refer to his catalogue.

He started logging in Michigan in 1879 and commenced work for Marcus Daly in 1894 in logging camps. He has been in logging camps ever since. He is now eighty-two, and when he felt the time had come when he couldn't swing an axe or handle a canthook quite as nim-

Bill Selleck and Jack Mucky drop into the Library Car to catch up on the latest literature. They both enjoy books, and their favorite newspaper is Copper Commando. Neither of them, they tell us, ever misses a copy. Bill and Jack have been logging for the Anaconda Company for a good many years.



Here is Al Henderson, beloved manager of the Library Car. He has read every one of the 2,000 books in the car. At the right is the reading table where the boys at Headquarters camp assemble to read books and write letters home. The Library Car is a good place to go for it's cozy and comfortable.

BOOK-LOVER

Come along to the Library Car and meet Al Henderson, one of the woods' most lovable old timers, who loves books.

bly as he could when he was younger, the Company put him in charge of the Library Car. He can sit and spin many a yarn about the old days, and he loves to do it; not only that, it is a pleasure to listen to him. The car itself is warm and cozy. Al has his office and living quarters at one end and the well-stocked shelves at the other. The car furnishes stationery with a picture of the Car Library to the men so that they may have writing paper; the boys frequently drop in to drop a letter to their families or friends. The car not only has daily papers—it has news magazines as well. Al reports that the favorite newspaper of them all is Copper Commando. Naturally we are pleased to hear it and felt certain that it was true when we dropped into the car and caught Bill Selleck, who has been with the Company since 1920, and Jack Mucky, who signed up back in 1906, reading your Labor-Management newspaper.

You'd like to spend a lot of time with Al Henderson once you've met him. He says he hasn't had a chance to get married; he's just been too busy. He has done everything there is to do in a logging camp. He's worked in the Blackfoot and Bitter Root areas.

Even at eighty-two, he doesn't like to take it easy—he has taken very few vacations. Even now, when taking care of the Library Car is his only job, he looks after a team of horses, hauls wood, helps repair the roads and does a lot of extra things. As he puts it, he just has to keep busy.

If the Headquarters camp moves, you can count on it that Al will move with it. And he will take along with him the books he knows and loves, and wherever he goes he will bring cheer and pleasure to loggers wherever they may be.



Even Wars Need Wood...

YES, even wars need wood. As a matter of fact, wars need everything. They need the blood and sweat and tears of men. They need the things that strong men can build with their hands, and smart men can build with their minds.

Today, this war needs wood too. It takes 300 feet of lumber to box and crate a member of the Armed Forces initial supplies to go overseas and it takes fifty feet of lumber a month from then on to keep him supplied, according to a War Manpower Commission report. This war needs the heavy timbers that copper miners cannot do without. And, since the war cannot do without copper and copper workers, wood has a job to do. Manpower shortages have put the logging industry in a bad way, yet the timber industry has no choice but to continue to deliver the wood.

We miners and smeltermen and craftsmen, associated with the production of copper, have no choice but to stay where we are. We are doing a war job, and it is one of the most essential. Uncle Sam has asked us to stay with our jobs, so that the war can be ended more quickly. But if, in your family, or among your friends, there is a man who is not now engaged in essential war production, perhaps he would like to join the ranks of war workers in Montana logging camps so that he, like they, might do his share.

When this war is won, and the score is tallied, all of us will want to know that we have done what we could do.

